

7-1947

## The Rouen Post, July 1947

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# THE ROUEN POST

Base Hospital 21 — World War I

21st Gen. Hosp. — World War II

A PAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF ROUEN POST No. 242

## THIS and THAT

Having an accumulation of letters, notes and memoranda we shall defer additional stories on the reunions until the next issue.

### DOLLY BELLE SCHMITT PROCTOR DIES

Owing to the many last minute items incidental to the reunions we failed to report the death of a former member of Base Hospital Unit 21. Dolly Belle, as she was familiarly known to all, one of the unit's most popular members passed away at her home in Sullivan, Mo., May 15, 1947. She was the wife of Dr. C. A. Proctor, who survives, the mother of Betty G. and Peggy A., sister of Mrs. Charles H. Eyerman, wife of Dr. Charles Eyerman also a former member of Unit 21, William and Henry Schmitt.

Mrs. Proctor was deeply devoted to her country, to Base Hospital 21 and Rouen Post. Her final request was that there be no funeral services other than the blowing of "taps" by the "POST" and that her remains be interred in Arlington National Cemetery. These requests have been fulfilled—and we are pleased that we were able to serve our beloved comrade.

Partings are sad, and come they must to all, but there is comfort in the memories of a life well spent. We know in this separation the members of Mrs. Proctor's charming family have much consolation in the recollections of a devoted wife, mother, citizen and soldier. We of Base Unit Hospital 21 mourn with this fine family.

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### DR. BOEMER'S FATHER DIES

Dr. L. C. Boemer of the 21st General Hospital lost his father, also during the month of May, an item which we have failed to report previously. Mr. Henry Boemer was the beloved husband of Katherine Merod Boemer, father of Irving H. Boemer, M.D.; Lilburn C. Boemer, M.D.; Melba Hartman and

the late Aurelia Seligstein, brother of Amalia Muskopf, grandfather of Patricia and Howard Hartman, father-in-law and uncle. Funeral services were held at Millstadt, Ill., the home of the Boemer family for many years.

Rouen Post No. 242 extends heartfelt sympathy to the members of Dr. Boemer's family.

### LETTERS FROM FORMER NURSES OF B.H. 21

Dayton, Ohio  
Ward 9, V.A. Center

Mr. William E. Engel and members  
of Unit 21—World War I

I received your notification of the reunion and regret it will be impossible for me to attend any of the meetings. Would especially love to attend the services for our departed comrades. Many were my good friends.

I've been a patient for the last seven years at the Veterans Hospital in Dayton and most of the time have been bedfast. At present I can sit up in my room a good part of the time.

I know you'll all have a most enjoyable time and please know that I'll be remembering you at the Cathedral at 4:00 p.m., May 23d, with my respects to our departed ones.

I always receive your magazine and though I can't see to read it, I enjoy having it read to me by the "Gray Ladies". Enclosed is a small amount to help out.

With my best regards to all, signed,  
Ella Estes Duncan.

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Emma C. Ammon formerly of Base Hospital 21 writes from Veterans' Hospital, Martinsburg, W. Va. that she enjoys receiving the "Post" and does not want to miss a single issue.

Yes, THE ROUEN POST must go on.

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### OPHTHAMOLOGICAL SOCIETY HONORS DR. L. T. POST

Dr. Lawrence T. Post, 44 Portland pl., head of the department of opthamology at Washington Medical School, was awarded the Lucian Howe Medal by the American Opthamological Society at their recent meeting at Hot Springs, Ark., for outstanding contributions to that science, it has been disclosed. Dr. Post is a former member of Base Hospital Unit 21 and was editor of the American Journal of Opthamology from 1931 to 1941.

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### ORCHIDS

To the PERSONNEL OF THE  
21ST GENERAL HOSPITAL:

The many memories of the pleasant times I had in your hospital and the fine work all of you did under trying circumstances is one of the very excellent examples of the Medical Service of the U. S. Army.

It was my pleasure to hear from the lips of some of the outstanding authorities in Washington that in all the many places they had been and the many people they had seen, they had not witnessed any finer performance of the Medical Service overseas. This is a fine tribute to a group of people such as you are, and I wish to add that you were also one of the outstanding groups to help bring productive life back to the young men again.

May you all live long and preserve the fine memories that you have had during the trying years of your service in the theatre in Europe. I wish all of you the best of health and hope that I may be able to attend one of your reunions in the not too far distant future.

M. C. Stayer

Major General, U.S. Army, Retired

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### ELECTION OF OFFICERS 1947-1948

At the regular monthly meeting of Rouen Post No. 242 in June, nomination of officers for 1947-48 were reported by the nominating committee. Immediately following the meeting a special meeting was called for the purpose of electing the nominees before the July recess. They are—Commander Dr. Sim F. Beam . . . first vice commander, Willard G.

McQuoid . . . second vice commander, Lucille Spalding . . . third vice commander, Dr. Lilburn C. Boemer . . . finance officer, Justin J. Jackson . . . adjutant, William E. Engel . . . historian, William C. Stack . . . chaplain, Dr. Stanley Hampton . . . sergeant at arms, Edward J. Manley . . . service officer, Charles H. Jablonsky and post surgeon, Dr. Russell J. Crider.

Under the able leadership of Commander John F. Patton Rouen Post No. 242 enjoyed a very successful year, the highlight of which was the reunions of Base Hospital 21 of World War I and the 21st General Hospital of World War II. The post also attained the highest percentage of membership increase in its group in this district and was awarded a silver cup emblematic of this accomplishment. Other awards were a Certificate of Merit for meritorious service to the community and a gold star for 1947 to be appended to our Boys' State Citation.

### REUNION ABSENTEES

I am sorry that I could not attend the reunions. My son Franklin was married in New York City and we were present for the event. Please give my best regards to all the old unit members. Mary Weise Moats . . . Sorry I could not attend the reunions. Greeting and best wishes to all. Frances Shouse . . . No could do—perhaps next year. Regards, Frank Kendall . . . I certainly would have been happy to be with you but I had requested my vacation in July to spend ten days at an isolated trout lake. Expect to be in St. Louis next Christmas and will then endeavor to help Jablonsky drink all the beer on Market street. Should any of the old gang come this way tell them I always have a few cool bottles in the refrigerator. I attended the twenty-fifth reunion and hope to make the fiftieth. Best wishes to all. J. V. Townsend, former engineer in charge of the incinerator . . . Those are former members of Unit 21, World War 1 . . . Sorry I could not attend this year. Keep me on the list as I plan to be there for the next one. Ralph W. Foster . . . T. W. Kircher, Jr., of 607 North 17th street says we were too far away, invites any and all to stop in to see him . . . W. Holmes Chapman, Jr., sent his regrets as he hated to miss . . . The last named were of the 21st General of World War II.



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(Concluding)

### COMPTE RENDU DES EXPLOITS DES CHEVALIERS DU SANGlier DES MONTAGNES VOSGIENNES EN HIVER 1945

By Captain William J. Dann, Jr.  
Master of the Boarhounds of the 21st General

The Officier du Coup de Grace, Capt. Wilson Brown, an experienced game stalker from Carroll County in Missouri, approached, drew his long knife of office, and the deed was done. Though each hunter standing there might live a hundred lives and hunted boar around the world, he would never see such gigantic boars again. Their proportions were huge. In fact the tusks of the largest of the beasts exceeded by cinq centimetres the length of the chief beater's cane, which was calibrated for just such occasions. A stirring contrast to the events just passed was the demeanor of the marksman himself. Unruffled by the dire danger to his person and, to all outward appearances, unmoved by the magnitude of his exploit, this calm, unassuming inheritor of the hunting laurels of Daniel Boone, simply and with charming lack of affectation, said, "Well, there they were and I thought I might as well shoot one or two, because some of the other fellows might not get a shot, or if they did, they might miss; so they wouldn't have any meat unless I shot some. As a matter of fact, I had to fire a shot in the ground in front of the big one to throw a little snow in his face and make him pick up his head so I could get a better shot. This left the ordinary hunters with very little to say. M. Genet produced a flask of sparkling Mirabelle and the admiring huntsmen drank to the prowess of this mild mannered boar slayer.

Farther into the woods a second stand was hunted with no game seen except a fox and several rabbits, but the hunters' eyes were set for boar and even "Killer Joe", for that is what they dubbed him, did not discharge his piece.

But at the third stand a remarkable episode, at least in the history of this hunt, was lived through. Finding a whole thundering herd of the huge tusked plunging down upon him, the Rt. Rev. Cornelius Henry Hook, Bishop di Agnano and chaplain of the hunt, levelled his trusty fusee and, taking sure aim between the eyes of the largest and most fe-

rocious boar seen in that forest for many a winter, he coolly squeezed the trigger. What happened next is known only to the Bishop and a few huntsmen who were close by. No sound did that fusee emit; but the snow at the hunter's feet was quickly dotted with shiny new cartridges, complete with war-head and all, as they flipped one by one, harmlessly and silently to the ground. A bead of sweat stood out upon the Bishop's furrowed brow, and through his stern, clenched jaw escaped an invocation of some sort or other. "Oh pshaw!" he said, "I could have killed the whole herd of them. I've missed the opportunity of a lifetime!" With commendable respect for his calling, and since he apparently had naught but good will for them, the savage tusked made no attempt to trample or gore the kind gentleman, but betook themselves to the brush, after a few meaningful snorts in his direction. "An act of Providence", the sporting chaplain said, "It wasn't intended I should kill them!" Killer Joe agreed; and the hunters took another draft of Mirabelle.

The last stand produced only a few French blue jays and Major Warrick's bourbon, which soon evaporated in the dry frosty air, so the sated hunters wended their way to the Comte's chateau, followed by the great boar, dragged over the snow by four of the stoutest beaters and the lesser, but still immense boars, each dragged by two tallmen. At the camion the tusks of the great boar were sawed off to permit loading him into the vehicle.

The Comte heartily congratulated Killer Joe and avowed it was tres rare for one chasseur to dispatch three charging boars at one stand. Then, according to the host's wishes, one boar was given to the needy citizens of Bettoncourt and two were brought to Ravenel; one for soldiers in the hospital and the other for the Colonel's table.

So the huntsmen, invigorated by the bracing air and proud to accompany such a great hunter, took the homeward path to Ravenel in the setting sun. At the dinner table they regaled themselves, and others who would listen, with vivid tales of the day's chase and especially of the wondrous accomplishment of that unflinching hunter who single handed



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fought off the ferocious onslaught of a whole herd of long tusked wild boars of the Vosges, and calmly dispatched three of the fierce beasts as they leaped to trample and gore him to an untimely end.

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### WONDER IF THEY ARE DODGER ROOTERS?

Brooklyn, New York

Dear Commander Patton:

Had a little get together of a few former members of the 21st General Hospital last evening and perhaps THE ROUEN POST would be interested in some of the happenings of former Brooklyn twenty-firsters.

The occasion last evening was a visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Schirripa to welcome a new addition, Dominick, born April 26, 1947.

Present were Mr. and Mrs. Fred Russo and baby Carmela, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Fezza who also expect to be blessed in August, Dom Palastro who will be married sometime in the near future, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Badalamenti and daughter Patricia (no doubt twenty first members recall Mrs. Badalamenti as, Paulette of the Ravenal Farm, located next to the quartermaster office), Mr. and Mrs. Carmelo Patti and son Carl now nearly a year old and Mr. and Mrs. Chester V. Ciancarelli who have just celebrated their first wedding anniversary.

A great time was had by all which is customary at our semi-monthly get-togethers. Passed the last edition of THE ROUEN POST to each of the boys and the few who are not on the mailing list would appreciate a copy of the "POST" in the future. Thank you. Signed, DOMINICK PALASTRO

Editor's note.—We have taken care of that.

\* \* \* \*

### JEAN FRIEND TO MARRY

A letter from Jean Friend from Seward, Alaska, dated May 19th, expressing regrets at not being able to attend the reunions, says, "I'm much, much too busy—planning a wedding as usual—but this time it's my own. The man? Mr. James A. McCracken of Seward, Alaska. I am going to miss Colonel Cady's steady arm going down the aisle."

The membership of Rouen Post No. 242 extends best wishes for a long and happy married life.

### JABBY SUPPLIED THIS

Clipping from the Telephone News. Bill Stack, regular contributor to the News, was himself the subject of the column "I Remember" written for the East Journal by Rose Marion, a friend of the Stack family. The column was an interesting bit of reminiscence on Bill's early experiences and a fine tribute from an old friend. To those who know Bill, just the opening comment established the writer as a lifelong acquaintance. For it read: I remember Bill Stack . . . a curly haired lad . . . Marvin Wilkerson.

To which Jabby adds, I have often wondered what "Old Baldy" looked like when he was young, and an urchin rambling around the streets of East St. Louis. The description in this news item causes me to reconstruct my picture of his youth.

Editor's note. You can wager that coming from the cynical former first sergeant of the 21st of World War I the picture is not too flattering. Bill Stack was one of the organizers of No. 242 and the original editor of THE ROUEN POST.

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### WE'LL TRY TO HELP MR. BOYLE

38 Mozart Street

Jamaica Plain 30, Mass.

Colonel Lee D. Cady, M.C. Ret.

4436 Mockingbird Parkway,

Dallas, Texas.

Dear Colonel:

Will you kindly help me to find the nurse described in the enclosed copy by having the appeal published in the 21st General Hospital Unit bulletin?

Please send a copy of the bulletin to my address.

Signed, Charles Boyle

The appeal: Attractive brunette army nurse. About 5'9" tall, attached to 21st, 23d or 45th General Hospital, Medical Center, Italian Exposition Grounds, Naples, Italy, in September, 1944. Remember the evening you attended 6:30 mass at the Medical Center Chapel and left the altar rail to walk down the aisle and kneel at the side of the soldier patient with the glasses and curly black hair? Will you please write to Charles Boyle of 38 Mozart Street, Jamaica Plain 30, Mass. I am very anxious to explain.

How about it girls? Can we supply the missing nurse?

Bill Engel